

lar—and I place my furniture in him and left him so till I come again. Dis one, he cost too much—he cost twenty."

#### All Ready for Departure.

By 5 o'clock in the afternoon, so swiftly had the work of packing gone on, there was not a bed left in the flat to sleep in, nor a store to cook a meal on. Nothing was removed, but everything was dismantled. In one corner of the room, which had been used as a parlor, stood rolls and rolls of oilcloth, which had covered the kitchen floor.

And in the midst of all the unsettlement Mrs. Nack struggled to be calm and self-possessed. She had discarded her working dress and put on more presentable apparel. She wore, over all, a loose white dressing sack, made of coarse muslin and trimmed all around with a narrow ruffle. It was cut low in the neck—low enough to reveal a full, firm throat. In her ears glistened small diamond earrings. They glistened very much, for she moved her head continually as she spoke to a Journal woman, who called to see her upon a feigned mission.

She was nervous, very nervous, for a woman of Teutonic birth.

#### To the Morgue Again.

In the afternoon, Frank Schellenberger, superintendent of the Murray Hill Baths, went with one of the Journal's men to the Morgue, and with the representatives of the old Journalism sitting and standing all about, examined the body. He, too, had known Guldensuppe, from head to heels, and after studying for twenty minutes all the marks and disfigurements, pronounced that it was Guldensuppe's beyond a doubt. There could not be two such, he said.

Schellenberger went even further in his identification than the others had. In cutting off the head of the murdered man the butchers had cut high upon the neck, and

"He drives a baker's wagon. He used to drive for a New York man, but the baker he is employed by now is over in Astoria." "Nack's route is in New York, but just how much of the city it takes in, or what part, I do not know. I only know that I see him very often driving by here."

#### At the Ferry.

In all human probability it was Herman Nack's wagon that was taken special note of by the gatekeeper of the ferry in Greenpoint at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon, some hours before the finding of the first portion of the body, at the foot of East Eleventh street.

The wagon was a covered one of the ordinary battery type and painted a dark red.

The gatekeeper said that after reading the account of the finding of the package on the New York side of the river, near Tenth street, where the ferry lands, the incident of the wagon was recalled to his mind.

Two men were on the seat and drove the wagon on the boat just a minute before it left on its trip. One of the men wore a straw hat, had a blond mustache, and, according to the gatekeeper's recollection, was in his shirt sleeves. The other had dark clothes and a black derby hat.

"According to my custom," the gatekeeper said yesterday, "I peered into the wagon to see if some one was concealed there for the purpose of stealing a ride. I looked first under the seat and saw a package lying under a piece of canvas. I then looked in at the rear of the wagon and saw another package. I asked the men what they had in there and they looked at one another in a peculiar way and made no reply."

"A funeral party in twelve carriages was immediately behind, waiting to be driven on the boat, and I allowed the men to pass. The bundles, as clearly as I can remember, were of about the size of those found in the river and in Harlem. I remember that the tall gate was open. I

back to the counter as the piece was rolled up."

"Now, have you any white ticking or overall cloth?" asked the customer. "Yes, how much?" replied the saleswoman.

"Six yards," replied the purchaser, and Mrs. Riger pulled down a roll of white ticking and measured off the required amount. This cloth is like that wrapped around the dead body.

"Anything else?" was asked. "No, only be quick as you can; I am afraid my car is coming," answered the woman, and the two pieces were done up and handed her. The change was made and the woman hurried out of the store.

Mrs. Riger thought little of the sale until a Journal reporter called upon her yesterday afternoon. Riger is one of the customers of Feinstein, the Stanton street dealer in oilcloths, and Feinstein's books show that Riger bought a roll of the "Diamond B" 3220 pattern table oilcloth last March. That is the design in which the murdered man was wrapped. In the search for his customers a Journal reporter called upon the Rigers yesterday.

Mrs. Riger recalled the transaction on Wednesday. "I was very busy," she said, "for my husband was away and there were several customers in the store, when the woman came in. She was a stranger. Most of the sales are made to people I know. She was a strong, tall, woman, quite robust, and I should think she wore a No. 42 waist. She had on a Summer waist, and was, I should say, about forty or forty-five years old. She spoke English, but I should say she could have spoken German, if she had desired. She seemed more particular about the car than about the pattern. She hurried out as soon as she was served."

"Are you sure that it was this pattern?" asked the reporter, showing her a piece taken from the dead man's body. "That is so faded I can scarcely tell," Mrs. Riger replied, "but we sold some of the same a while ago to Maurice Plattman, the shoemaker, a few doors up street."

Riger and the reporter went to Plattman's place, and on the table in his room

the valise the party carried when in my store."

#### THE POWER OF BRAINS.

It Was by Employing That Power Consistently That the Journal Solved the Mystery.

It was by the intelligent employment and direction of brains that the Journal has succeeded in identifying the body of the murdered man found dismembered in the East River and the woods of the upper Harlem. The Journal is glad of this result.

It was by no haphazard work on the case that this result was obtained, but by hard, systematic work and clear induction from the facts thus discovered. The case has been one that called for keen, intelligent and persevering work—just what the Journal has applied to it since the human fragments were first found on Saturday. The case has been the very embodiment of mystery. It has been pronounced insoluble by many men grown gray in seeking out criminals.

Fragmentary, and, to all appearances, hopeless, as the clues have been, the Journal has used them to the uttermost and added, link by link, to the chain of evidence accumulating. Beginning with the discovery of the first grim bundle on the river, it has led the developments in the mysterious case step by step to the finding of the companion horror in the woods. A thousand channels of information have been searched to the end, some yielding facts of the first importance, others problems.

The Journal has used a process of elimination in inquiring into the particulars of all the cases of men missing in Greater New York, and this process consistently and thoroughly carried out has resulted successfully.

Of the first importance for the solution of the mystery has been the identification of Guldensuppe's body. Any detective or other familiar of crime will say that the identification of a headless human trunk is the most difficult of all the problems to be encountered. It has been necessary in this case, therefore, that there should be a most minute and exhaustive examination of the remains to the end that singularities of form or appearance in the living man might be discovered.

It is no pleasant task to deal in such forbidding materials. No man can come in contact with them without horror. No newspaper would publish such details. But while the murderer is undiscovered, every line added to the publicity of his crime, its conception, aim and execution, is a gain for the cause of justice, as has been proved. It was for this reason that the Journal employed physicians to reconstruct from the greasy remains at the Morgue, the body of Guldensuppe.

Dismembered, no man could form an intelligible judgment as to what the remains had been in life. The Journal's physicians put the fragments together and a perfect likeness of the man in life, except the features of his face, was at hand. His height, weight and physical peculiarities were more than approximately shown, and his habits of life distinguished.

The marks on the victim's body by which he was identified as Guldensuppe were pointed out in such a way as to make sure the identification of the man.

Next, the temperament, inclinations and mental characteristics of the man were described by the Journal's palmists. The science of palmistry may not be credited, but it is true that the Journal's palmists told things about Guldensuppe that aided in the identification. The palmists said that he was fond of women. Guldensuppe was fond of women. Thus, step by step, working upon clues that seemed intangible, the Journal pointed out the living man as he had appeared before the murder.

With the minor clues of location and the articles accompanying each of the finds the same painstaking course has been taken. The woods in the vicinity of the second find were searched in all directions. The Journal's launch has been at work on the river, dragging its depths in search of the dead man's head.

With specimens of the red oilcloth in which the severed parts of the body were wrapped, Journal investigators have scoured the city in search of the piece from which they were bought. The descriptions of a score or more of hiding men have been secured, and compared with the remains. The great community is being searched in every direction for evidence that may have a bearing on the case.

#### HEAD NOT IN THE RIVER.

The Journal's Extensive Dragging Operations Prove that the Missing Parts Were Disposed of Otherwise.

Editor New York Journal:

In dragging the river at this point the Journal proceeded on a theory that I have held to be a very probable one. The portion of the unfortunate man's body that was found in the woods up here was positively disposed of in this vicinity. That fact is so evident that it hardly needs mentioning. It establishes sufficient grounds for the presumption that the other portions were gotten rid of in this vicinity. One of the other portions having been found, moreover, where it could have reached by reason of the tides, if thrown off Washington or High Bridge, as it seems was undoubtedly the case, what more natural than to suppose that the remaining parts were either hidden in the woods up here, as in the one case, or dropped into the river, as the other?

The woods have been thoroughly searched for these missing sections. Those who have conducted that search undoubtedly proceeded on the theory I have explained. That search, however, has not yielded the desired result. The only other thing to do, therefore, always holding my theory in view, was to search, namely, drop the river.

I am not aware that this has been done other than at the July 3, commencing with the enterprise is greatly to be commended.

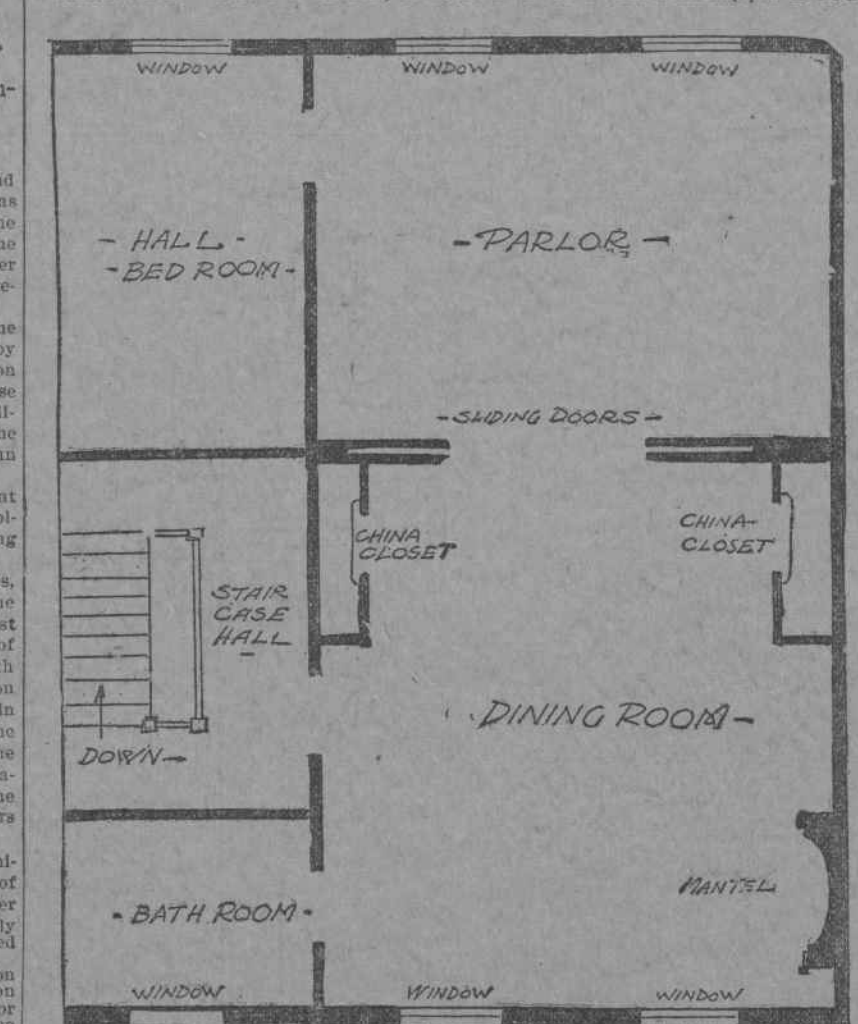
*Charles H. Mason*  
Supt. 31st Precinct

Sergeant Thirty-first (High Bridge) Precinct.

By means of the naphtha launch Sall and two rowboats, fully manned and equipped for dragging the Harlem River, the Journal returned yesterday to the task, and proved beyond conjecture that the missing head and legs, so far as the East River mystery are not lying in the stretch of water extending from the Washington to Macomb's Dam Bridge.

Between these structures are High Bridge and a railroad bridge. On either side of all of these bridges the grappling irons were worked again and again, and the boats traversed the intervening spaces, now on a straight line and now cross-wise, until every foot of the bed of the Harlem

#### Plan of Mrs. Nack's Rooms, Where She and Guldensuppe Lived



Mrs. Nack's Rooms Showing Her Preparations to Move Away.

River for that distance was thoroughly explored.

Captain Charles Booth, who has recovered by similar means over two dozen bodies from the Harlem River in the twenty years of his experience on that stream, directed the work.

Men equally versed in tide and eddy lore of the Harlem River—John Mason, Thomas Rhyden, John McKenna, Frederick Diederich Frey, Captain T. H. Blatchford and three others, variously distributed in the small fleet under Journal reporters—assisted in the undertaking.

Many objects were brought up during the day's intermittent work, but none proved to be the thing sought.

"If a package containing the missing head and legs were in the river between these points," declared Captain Booth, "the test was discontinued at nightfall. It should have been in our possession by this time. No portion of the river bed traversed has escaped our looks."

"Presuming such a package as either a human head or human legs would make either together or singly were dropped from either of these bridges it would not continue to be where it fell and sink. The undercurrent here is as strong as the tide. An object that sank, however, would naturally not be carried as far by the action of the waters as one that remained on the surface."

"If the man or men who disposed of the other portions of the body dropped the head and legs off either Washington or High Bridge on Friday night or Saturday morning of last week the missing human fraction could not possibly have travelled with the undercurrent further than Macomb's Dam Bridge by to-day. If they have gone beyond that point then they must have been dropped overboard earlier in the week."

"But I understand that that is not possible, and I therefore conclude that the murderer and his accomplices disposed otherwise of the head and legs than by throwing them into the Harlem River either off Washington or High Bridge."

Captain Booth's conclusion that the missing human fragments were not at the bottom of the Harlem River between the points that were explored was concurred in separately by all the other men. Some of them traversed with particular persistence by the various bridge and pier supports. There was a possibility that in such spots an object might resist the undercurrent and be held for an indefinite time. The work in those places was therefore directed with special pains, and the hooks took hold of several objects at various times, proving that nothing was being missed.

#### CANVASS OF THE MISSING.

It Does Not Appear Upon Inquiry That the Dead Man Was One of Those Reported Lost.

In pursuing every possible clue as to the identity of the victim, the relatives of the men who have been reported as missing

were visited again yesterday by Journal reporters.

John Behrens, the saloon keeper at Myrtle and Evergreen avenues, Brooklyn, who has been missing since June 2, has not yet returned, but his brother, who is in partnership with him, thinks he is away having a good time with the \$500 he took with him. He has an injured finger nail, such as had the victim, but his friends say there is no other similarity. Behrens weighed but about 140 pounds, and was slim in body, whereas the victim was heavy. He was not a Hebrew.

The friends of Charles P. Russell, of No. 548 Madison street, Brooklyn, say he was very much smaller than the man who was murdered. He has not been heard from and no unusual efforts are being made to find him. His friend, Charles M. Line, of No. 3 Broadway, said yesterday that there is no possibility of Russell being the man who was murdered.

A report was made to the Greenpoint police several weeks ago about Patrick Murray being missing. His address was not given, but as he was an Irishman and the murdered man was a Hebrew the police think there is no possibility that Murray was the victim.

Mrs. Weinstock, of No. 223 East Twenty-eighth street, again asserted last night that the body of the man at the Morgue was not that of her husband. "I have seen the arms and am positive that they are not the arms of my husband. He disappeared on May 17 last and was seen alive about two weeks ago."

Mrs. David J. Jackson, of No. 1963 Boston avenue, whose husband disappeared five days ago, declared that the man at the Morgue was not her husband with a seen by a reporter at her home last night.

#### THE DAY AT THE MORGUE.

The Number of Inquiring Visitors Was Much Greater Than on Monday.

At the Morgue yesterday there were far more visitors than on Monday, and the attendants would scarcely push the body back into its niche before new inquirers would arrive and ask to have it drawn forth again.

There were eleven inquirers, seven men and four women, grouped about the body at one time, eagerly scanning it to see if it was that of a friend or relative.

The vast majority of attempted identifications resulted in nothing of interest. The men and women would look, and perhaps lift and touch the arms or fingers, and then sigh and shake their heads and walk away. When a richly dressed and handsome woman, accompanied by a tall and well-dressed man, both apparently wealthy, entered the Morgue, there was a flutter of excitement. The man was Charles Boyce, a business man of Providence, R. I., and the lady was his wife. They were in search of a young man named Frank Bridges, the stepson of Mrs. Boyce's sister. He disappeared from Providence two weeks ago and they thought it probable that he had come to New York.

As the couple gazed at the mutilated remains Mrs. Boyce drew back with an exclamation of disgusted amazement. "Why, Charles, they couldn't really cut up a man like that," she exclaimed. "But they did, you see," he replied gently. "Do you see anything?"

To California and return at lowest rates over railroad. Apply any ticket agent Pennsylvania Railroad, June 27 to July 1, inclusive—Advt.

"Not! And I don't want to! I don't see how anybody could do such a brutal thing. They really couldn't, Charles."

Frank Umbschelder, an expert accountant, of Newark, visited the Morgue in the evening, to see if the body was that of his twin brother, Frank, who lives on Arlington avenue, in Valhalla, a suburb of Newark. His brother is thirty-seven years of age, five feet ten inches high, and weighs 155 pounds. He is a real estate dealer, and expert accountant, and disappeared on June 10. He has less than \$100 with him at the time. His habits were very regular.

Mr. Umbschelder looked earnestly at the body, and then was asked if he could identify it. But after close examination he finally decided that the hands and arms could not possibly have belonged to his brother.

From early morning till late at night the procession continued, the drizzling rain that began to fall not interfering with the number of those who came to ask and look.

#### POLICE WORKED HARD.

Activity Resulted in Nothing Beyond the Arrest of Two Men with Apocryphal Stories.

With laudable zeal the police and the other newspapers sought the identification of the mangled dead yesterday.

Captain O'Brien sent half a dozen of his detectives to High Bridge last night. They were working on the theory that the murder was committed by a butcher, who travels in the upper section of New York and through Westchester County.

According to Captain O'Brien, he has information which leads him to believe that the murder was, without doubt, committed by some one who had butcher's tools in his possession. It was shown by the condition of the body that a cleaver or something very like it was used to cut the body in pieces, and, following up the clue and other information, which as yet Captain O'Brien has not disclosed, he hopes to bring out facts which will warrant an arrest being made at once.

There are many butchers who do a wagon trade in the neighborhood of High Bridge, but which one of them is under suspicion it is as yet impossible to judge.

The police of the High Bridge Station arrested Henry Gardner, fifty-four years old, a pedler living in a lodging house at No. 347 West street. He took a policeman for a long tramp in the woods near where the body of the murdered man was found, claiming he had seen a human head there. He produced a hat band, which he said he had found in the woods, but later the search was found futile and the police discovered that the hat band had been torn from the victim's hat. He is held on the charge of being a suspicious character. His sanity is questioned.

Captain Hogan, in whose bailiwick the

shoulders portion of the mutilated body was found floating in the East River, accompanied by Detective Cartwright, went to High Bridge yesterday and conferred with Captain Killilea. He said that the object of his mission was in connection with the arrest of Anderson, the Bowery frequenter, who is in Captain Hogan's custody.

A telephone message from Acting Inspector Alvin at Police Headquarters was received at High Bridge Station last night. He said hurriedly that he desired to talk with Captain Killilea. The latter had departed earlier in the night to meet his detectives, Carey and Alonzo, downtown, who are working in conjunction with Captain Hogan.

#### A PSYCHOMETRIC VIEW.

Dr. Robert A. Gunn Concludes That the Man Was Educated and Had Lived Hygienically.

Dr. Robert A. Gunn, of 145 West Eighty-second street, an acknowledged expert in psychometry, the art of determining the relations of mental phenomena, as Webster defines it, and kindred subjects, as the special representative of the Journal, visited the Morgue yesterday and made a critical examination of the parts of the body now awaiting identification. After viewing the mutilated portions of the human frame, the eminent expert prepared an official report for the exclusive use of the Journal. Dr. Gunn's report is as follows: "Mr. William H. Hearst:

"Dear Sir:—In order that I might possibly further the ends of justice and assist you in unravelling this stupendous mystery, I cheerfully complied with the request of the Journal to go to the Morgue and view the mutilated portions of a human body which are there awaiting identification. I must confess, speaking from the standpoint of a student of psychometry, that the absence of the head renders most difficult those indisputable deductions which would have been possible had the body been intact."

"From the examination I made, and from the report of the autopsy made by Continued on Fourth Page.

#### FROM LOWELL, MASS.

The Home of Hood's Sarsaparilla—A Wonderful Cure.

"A swelling as big as a large marble came under my tongue. Physicians said it was a semi-transparent tumor and must be operated upon. I felt I could not stand it, and as Spring came began to take my favorite Spring tonic, Hood's Sarsaparilla. The tumor gradually decreased and finally disappeared. I have had no sign of its return. I am glad to praise Hood's Sarsaparilla."—MRS. H. M. COBURN, 8 Union St., Lowell, Mass. Get HOOD'S.

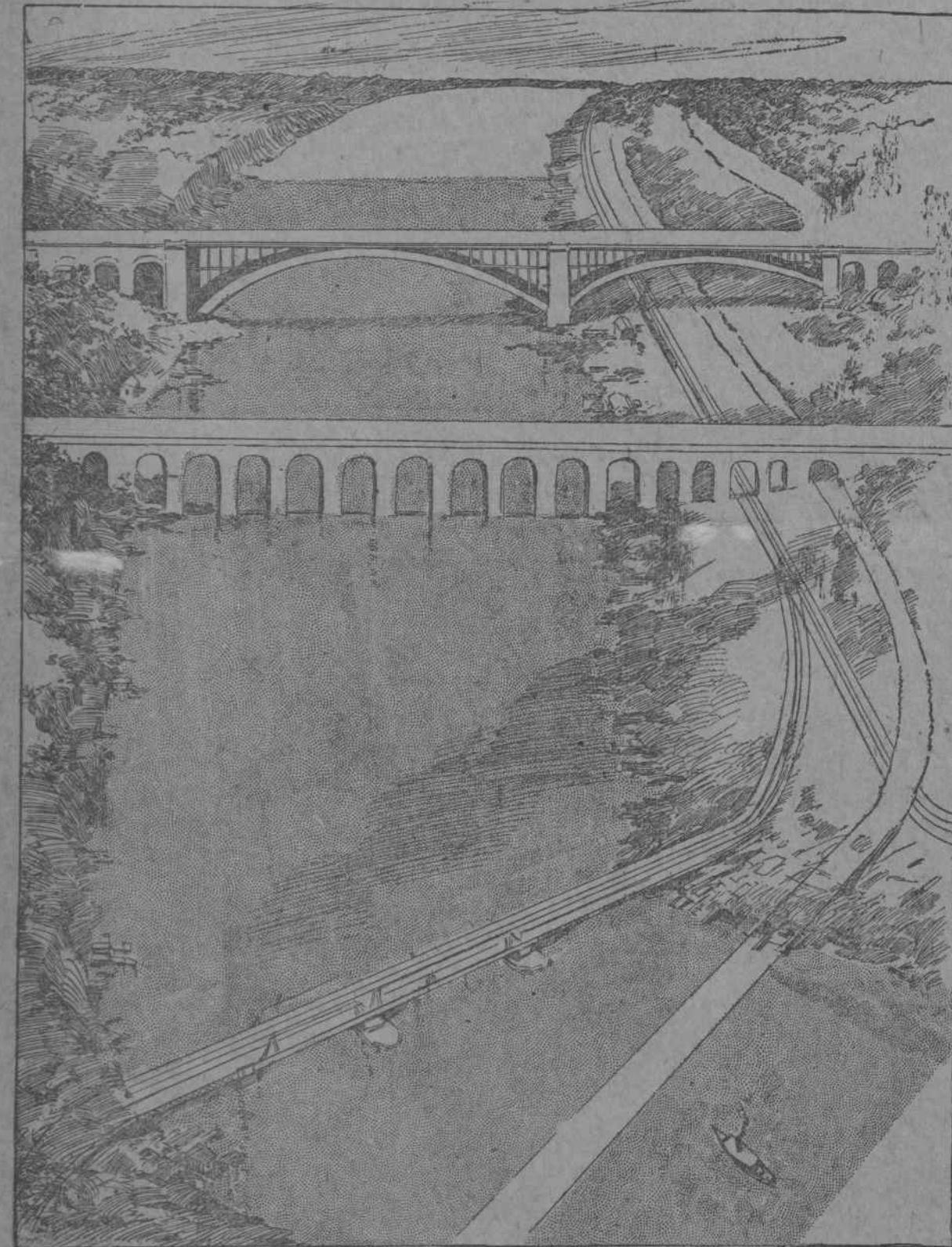
Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache, 25c.

#### Have you a Summer

home that will accommodate boarders? A Jour.

word

by



Where the Journal Has Dredged for the Murdered Man's Head.

In a launch and in small boats Journal men have gone carefully over the entire part of the Harlem River denoted by the shading of little dots. From a short distance above Washington Bridge to a little below Macomb's Dam Bridge the river has been dragged. The waters have been staked out and grapples drawn over the entire river bed for that distance.

After an exhaustive search the Journal can say positively the missing head is not in that part of the river.

It was by some fatality, the "Adam's

showing," said Schellenberger, "is still proof to me that it is the man. I noticed a thousand times the prominence of that point in his throat. It was more noticeable than it is in the many man. No other man living could so land such a combination of marks. It Guldensuppe beyond a doubt."

#### Nack, the Husband.

And what of Hermann Nack, the husband? The Nacks, when husband and wife, were living together, had a flat at 629 Ninth avenue. It is on the west side of the way, over a delicatessen store by Henry Rickel. Mrs. Rickel said today:

"The Nacks moved just before May 1, to where they now live, No. 439, in avenue. While they lived here they regaled a great deal, principally on account of his drinking so much."

Whether Nack had abused his wife, Rickel would not say. Her only question was "What is done of my husband?"

"I do not know that she left him," she said. "I have heard so." She described Nack, "a man five inches tall," she said, "with a black face. He was careless appearance. He wore a mustache, black and dense, and went on a greater part of the time."

"He almost always a heavy beard upon his face. He has a face which you'd call a black. I never knew as those who, though."

cannot say that I would recognize either of the men if I saw them again."

#### STRANGE SALE OF CLOTH.

Two Transactions Either of Which May Be the One Now Sought for.

Wednesday afternoon last week a woman entered the dry-goods and house-furnishing store of Max Riger, at Jackson avenue and Jane street, Astoria, and inquired hastily if the proprietor kept any table oilcloth.

Max Riger, the head of the little establishment, was not in. Mrs. Riger was running the store alone. She told the customer that she had the goods, and unfolded the corners of a few rolls to show her the colors and patterns. The customer did not seem particular about the designs, though most purchasers of table oilcloth, which is supposed to last a good while, demand certain styles.

Mrs. Riger unfolded all she had left of a design known as "Diamond B," No. 3220, and showed her that.

"I want about six yards if I can get it," said the purchaser.

"Well, there are only four yards and a half of that," said Mrs. Riger, as she measured off all that she had left of the roll.

"Well, that will do, only be quick about it, the car comes in a minute," said the purchaser, stepping toward the door and glancing out.

Mrs. Riger measured off the cloth as quickly as possible. The woman came

was a yard and a quarter of the identical design.

"Yes, that is the pattern," said Riger at once.

All the "Diamond B" patterns are from 47 to 48 inches wide. A piece 4½ yards long would contain about 42 square feet of cloth, sufficient to wrap several good-sized bundles. An entire man could conceal himself in fact in a roll of cloth of that size.

"I have had the design for some time," said Mrs. Riger, "and never sold so large an order of it as that before."

H. F. Buchanan, the manufacturer of the cloth, said yesterday that he thought dealers had not responded to the newspaper publicity of the pattern more, because patterns were not easily remembered. The Diamond B brand is better known by far than any name he added, "and I think if you would call attention to the fact that it was 'Diamond B' brand people would remember selling it."

Late Friday afternoon a party of two men and a woman entered the little store of B. Breitfelder, at No. 87 Avenue B. The younger of the men purchased two pieces of oilcloth, each piece containing three yards. The cloth was the "Diamond B," No. 3220, the kind which covered the body found in the East River. Herman Munsch, a clerk, sold the cloth.

"The man who paid for the purchases," said Munsch, "was rather thick set, and was about 5 feet 8 inches in height. He had black eyes, black hair and a short black mustache. He wore a light sack coat, and I think carried a well-worn black valise. The other man was much older, but otherwise somewhat resembled his companion."

The woman attracted my attention by her nervous manner. She was a very lean, sandy-complexioned person, and stood about 5 feet 2 inches in height. Her hair was black, streaked with gray. She wore plain clothing. I think nothing more than calico.

"The party all talked volubly in Polish. I gleaned from what they said that they were going to Europe the following day. They were in the store about 7 o'clock. The man found in Harlem is, I am sure,